

LOVE NOTES OF HALL AND MRS. MILLS THROW LIGHT ON CASE

post office in the kitchenette of the recreation room of the church building was also being spied upon.

It is also shown by the letters that the rector had a habit of leaving a package of chocolate eclairs in the church "Post Office" with his notes to Mrs. Mills. More than once she refers to her appreciation of these dainties.

A reference to a "spicy book" which was found in the notes of Mrs. Mills, which became partly public ten days ago, is now believed to refer to either "Simon Called Peter" or "Mother of All Living," books by Robert Keable which the minister gave to Mrs. Mills. "Simon Called Peter" is the exploitation of the uncontrolled passion of a minister for a woman who was not his wife. SHE WROTE HARMLESS LETTERS TO DECEIVE MRS. HALL.

Today's installment of the letters sold for publication by the woman lawyer of Charlotte, N. C., for \$1,000 shows that that to deceive Mrs. Hall as to the passing of love letters between the two, Mrs. Mills wrote occasionally matter-of-course friendly letters to the rector and addressed them to Lakeford, where the minister and his wife were staying.

The Rev. Mr. Hall could casually hand over to his wife. But the burning messages of overwhelming affection were addressed by Mrs. Mills to Seal Harbor, two miles and a half away, and the rector went for them when he had a chance.

It is also shown that Mrs. Addison Clarke, known to the Rev. Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills as "Minnie," was also writing to the minister and once worried him by saying that Mrs. Mills was ill.

The letters also indicate that the couple had another meeting place than the farm on De Russey Lane—a place referred to as "No. 49," a two-family tenement in which James Mills lived his bewildering life with his family (without, apparently, any sense that it was bewildering) is at No. 49 Carmen Street.

There are references in the letters of Mrs. Mills which are disparaging to a Mrs. Burns, indicating the subject of the ecclesiastical did not have the spiritual understanding which was shared by the rector and the soprano.

A Mrs. Burns, lives in a house on George Street next to the church. Her kitchen overlooks the church horse sheds which have been mentioned as a meeting place for the lovers until mounting gossip forced the minister to erect an alibi in the form of a barbed wire fence between the back door of the Sunday school room and the sheds and appoint a new trying place out Buccleuch Park way.

"Surely," said Mrs. Burns, "I knew she didn't like me. She knew that often when I was peeling potatoes I looked right into the shed and saw them. And she knew I didn't like what she was doing."

TRIED TO SHOW IMPROVEMENT IN HER EDUCATION.

One of the pathetic features of the correspondence in an obvious effort by Mrs. Mills, the wife of the church sexton and furnace man at the high school, to give proof of the intellectual fruit of her association with her clerical lover by presenting him with a formal literary effort at a book review of "The Mother of All Living." In the long letters scattered about the bodies on the knoll on the farm was a sentence which was understood to read "Was Pan Religious?" It is now shown that it should have been read "Is Pan religious?" and refers to Pamela, a character in the Keable novel.

One reference in the letters presents a puzzle for which no one has been able to give an explanation. There was apparently a spot out on Easton Avenue so consecrated in the memories of the pair that the Rev. Mr. Hall lifted his hat whenever he passed it. Mrs. Mills wrote to him of the thrill she felt—when not looking at him because of the presence of his wife or possibly the other church worker she regarded as her other rival in his esteem—when she knew he was lifting his hat in passing the place.

She tried constantly in her letters to throw a glow of religious sanctity about their affection; she justified their passion by a frank avowal that she was not only not beautiful but "scrawny," and that therefore the minister's attraction for her must be spiritual and not sensual.

Something has caused the investigators to believe the very last letter which Mrs. Mills wrote to the minister—perhaps rather than that in which she expressed her jealousy that she had not his wife's privilege of "seeing his torn trousers"—never reached him and that it contained a reference to the engagement the Rev. Mr. Hall and the choir singer had made to meet at the Phillips farm.

It is known some of the letters were intercepted and read by a third person. If this last letter was intercepted, it may have furnished the information which might have led to the following of the couple to their meeting place and their subsequent murder.

'HEALER' SCHLATTER WAS NOT MURDERED

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18 (Associated Press).—The death of Francis Schlatter, alleged "healer," in a rooming house here Monday night was from natural causes, it was announced following an autopsy to-day. The autopsy was performed following an assertion of Mrs. Schlatter, who arrived here from Kansas City last night, that she believed her husband to have been the victim of foul play.

The police, despite the autopsy, are continuing their search for a young woman, who was with Schlatter for several days preceding his death, and who told a physician that she was his nurse.

Mrs. Schlatter to-day denied that her husband was the Francis Schlatter who was convicted in Los Angeles, in 1917, on a charge of using the mails to defraud in connection with selling by mail "blessed handkerchiefs."

James Mills, the meek, easygoing outboard of the slain singer, admits he is no longer confident of the innocence of his wife's friendship for Rector Hall. He said that although he had learned through Miss North of the letters, he was led to believe they showed only a platonic relationship. When asked how he felt after reading the letters, he replied:

"Well, it shook me up a bit." He added he was no longer convinced his wife's relations with the clergyman were purely platonic, explaining: "No one could possibly believe that after reading the letters."

didn't suppose it was right to sell the letters, and added:

"Well, if Charlotte gets any money for those letters I'll never let her keep a cent of it. I'll take it all from her and use it for those funeral expenses. Yes, I would use her letters to pay the funeral expenses."

There is a new theory that the couple were shot with a pistol owned by the Rev. Mr. Hall. Apparently the only basis for it is the question certain witnesses are known to have been asked. Certain persons have told of seeing the rector with a .32-caliber pistol, but apparently no trace has been found of it.

A report that the watch of the Rev. Mr. Hall, which was missing when his body was found, was now in the possession of Mrs. Hall was emphatically denied by Prosecutor Beckman and members of the Hall household.

On behalf of his wife Addison Clarke made a statement to-day in which he denied many of the implications carried by references to Mrs. Clarke as "Minnie" in the letters of Mrs. Mills. The statement denied Mrs. Clarke ever was conscious of any enmity felt for her by Mrs. Mills; that Mrs. Clarke had ever followed the example of Mrs. Mills in sending letters to the rector or putting flowers on his desk; that Mrs. Clarke observed secret exchanges of affection between Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills at Lake Hopatcong the day before the murders and threatened to "tell Mrs. Hall," and, finally, that Mrs. Clarke was a regular member of the choir of St. John's.

Miss Florence North, who is representing Charlotte Mills, when asked if she and the private detectives she is working with had made any progress in their independent investigation, replied:

"Our most important discovery is that men, identified as members of the congregation of Dr. Hall's church, were seen in heated conversation with Willie Stevens about 8 o'clock the night of Thursday, Sept. 14, near French Street, New Brunswick. This street is but a few feet from the Phillips farmhouse."

DETECTIVES SEARCH FOREIGN SECTION OF THE CITY.

"The operatives we have working out here have combed the Hungarian quarter thoroughly. Several of the private detectives, in fact, are of Hungarian descent and they have been able to get close to the people there. The detectives have found that the people down there seemed to know quite a lot about the affair. No, I can't specify just what they know."

Felix di Martini, a former New York detective of wide experience in homicide cases and several brilliant achievements, has been investigating the murders for two weeks for a client whose identity is not revealed. He said to-day he had not been able to find the slightest support for the belief that the bodies of the minister and Mrs. Mills were carried to the knoll under the apple tree after they had been killed somewhere else.

The report of the Squibbs Laboratories, made to-day to Prosecutor Beckman, reports that the results of the opinion. The laboratories have made exhaustive tests of the soil immediately under the murdered couple. These show the earth absorbed far more blood than was superficially applied. They were carried to the place after their hearts had ceased to pump.

Attorney Pfeiffer made some pointed comments on the examination of his clients, Mrs. Hall and her brothers, Henry and William Stevens, yesterday afternoon. He was asked:

"Does Mrs. Hall know anything about a diary kept by her husband and one kept by Mrs. Mills, and which they are said to have exchanged after their vacation in Maine in August?"

"I think not. I say I think not, because I can't recall all that she was asked and I don't remember anything about it."

"What can you tell us as to a certain Hungarian woman who, it is reported, has told the authorities that she saw a woman supposed to be Mrs. Hall at the scene of the crime that Thursday afternoon?"

"On that there is this: Mrs. Hall was asked to take her hat off and put on the gray coat and the hat she wore the night she was out exchanged for her husband. A woman whom Mrs. Hall regarded as one of the working class was ushered in after the change was made. Mrs. Hall was asked to stand up. The woman faced her and then sat in a chair at the end of the room. Mrs. Hall sat down."

"The woman made no statement and did not indicate to any one in the room whether she had recognized Mrs. Hall as a woman she had previously seen somewhere. This woman, who was not known to Mrs. Hall and whose name we do not know, remained seated without saying a word. Then she went out."

It became known to-day that the woman who was brought in to look at Mrs. Hall was Mrs. Matthew Zulke, wife of the man who was supposed to act as watchman for the Phillips farmhouse and its store of valuable antique furniture.

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Hall Murder "Tragedy of Lies;" Crime Long Planned; Vengeance Motive, Says Psychoanalyst

Andre Tridon Blames American Puritanism of Small Town Which Caused Respectable Talk to Cover Things Up to Save Community's Reputation.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

A tragedy of LIES:

Everybody lying about his or her emotions and actions. Everybody lying about the emotions and actions of everybody else. Each actor, each actress in the grim New Brunswick drama of passion, jealousy, hatred, envy, murder, torn by a conflict of desires, and hiding, suppressing them; instead of giving them, first, frank recognition—then readjustment. And one desire so long suppressed, so long inhibited, that in the end it could find fulfillment only in death and mutilation after death.



ANDRE TRIDON

Then the spectacle of the whole community exalting one long "Hush-sh-sh!" That is the psychoanalyst's view of the still unsolved double killing in New Brunswick, N. J., of the Rev. Edward Hall and his attractive young choir leader, Mrs. Mills. I obtained the remarkable psycho-analytic analysis which follows from Andre Tridon, the leading New York authority in this newest science, the author of "Psychoanalysis and Love," "Psychoanalysis and Behavior" and a number of other books.

"The first impression which the psychoanalyst receives from the whole affair," Mr. Tridon told me in his study at No. 151 Madison Avenue, "is the murky light cast upon American Puritanism—that national morality which W. L. George once described as 'too good to be true.'"

"It is a morality which simply will not admit that certain things exist, that they can be. Not admitting the truth means that we lie. Everybody in New Brunswick seems to have been lying about the Hall-Mills murder since it was first discovered. 'Cover it up,' apparently, is the community slogan. It is a whole town of Babbitts—you've read Sinclair Lewis's novel? Whatever happens—whatever the suppression of truth, justice, fair dealing, democracy—the credit of the community and of its highly respectable citizens must be preserved."

"As I see it, the tragedy need never have happened at all if, in the beginning, we had had a little honesty, a little recognition of facts, a little readjustment in the face of them. Instead of this, every one proceeded on the grand assumption that a minister cannot be a man. You are only justified in that assumption if you begin by making him a eunuch. 'From the viewpoint of the psychoanalyst, even Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills were not quite honest in facing their attraction toward each other. They were a little bit conscience-stricken. That is why they tried to adorn their relationship with references to the interchangability of prayer and love, with emphasis upon their musical congeniality. But music is no Puritan! Music says to every lover, 'Go to your sweet heart; to every woman, 'Your lover awaits you.'"

"If, on the one hand, there was the conflict between the natural desires of the clergyman and the choir leader and their respect for respectability, for the community pressure, on the other hand, was the conflict between the jealousy of those who thought they had the right to be jealous and their passion for respectability, their intense dread of scandal! And if, as the authorities have declared, the motive for the crime was jealousy, no psychoanalyst can wonder at this final upheaval of fires so long suppressed."

"For the psychoanalyst is never fooled by the assumption—so popular with the police and with many unthinking persons—that respectable, tax-paying, church-going folk cannot commit a crime. It is by just these persons that some of our most cold-blooded, long-headed crimes are committed. And it is these adjectives which, in my opinion, most fully characterize the killing of Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills."

"Every detail of that crime was planned beforehand. It was no swift, insane impulse. It was something coldly visualized in the mind of the perpetrator; the careful placing of the bodies, the drawing out of the letters, the strawing of much. Furthermore, it seems to me that the criminal did not rely on cleverness alone, but on the contributing assistance of money and social position to escape the nets of conscience too democratic American justice."

"The crime is simply the flowering of a desire for vengeance long suppressed. If the murderer had given frank, even public recognition to this emotion—if there had been a scene, a denunciation, a warning of 'hands off'—non-ecclenastical circles, everybody directly and indirectly connected with the case had not felt impelled to shut his or her eyes to facts—why, then, indeed, the man at the gate at Manhattan Beach called you 'doctor,' and I, without looking at you (I'm a witch) knew it thrilled you, the kind of thrill that brings tears of joy to your eyes."

"Oh, I know it because you are a true priest—born for it. And because that is your supreme joy and satisfaction I am merely your physical inspiration and you see in me what you teach, you the priest."

I don't want to stay for service. I haven't unlocked the doors as I was asked to and kept my word. But it seems as though I am unworthy to do other things I was asked to do. Of course, it has hurt me. Perhaps again I don't understand—you

real, true, nature is real—true, so our love is the most vital power, the truest joy that can be known in this life and hereafter. Please don't laugh at this. I know I'm a crazy cat, but I can't be different. Charlotte talks—then Dan asks questions, then he annoys, so how can I write?"

Darling mine, didn't you feel me purring—hissfully contented? And close to you, too. Was my goodbye to the others too hasty, and should I have said more? What a truly unexpected pleasure it was, dearest, sweetest boy! Oh, how good you are. As I rode along I thought, this is where I find my greatest joy to be near my man; what care I for what other people call pleasure; to be near you, although I didn't dare look at my noble boy's face, this is all I ask.

How friendly our Easton Avenue road seems to us, and dear, dearest boy, every time you take your hat off I never fail to notice and can read your face. Monday, too. And it is a new message of love every time you do, and my heart sings for joy—yes, and I could find my arms about you and pour kisses on my Babykin's head and face.

Grated here, I must stop. Sweetheart, my true heart! I could crush you. Oh, I am wild to-night, so happy I could dance wildly.

ATTEMPTS REVIEW OF BOOK HALL SENT HER.

I don't know why I feel this way to-day—it will pass as you know. God, I know, oh, I know that as much as I know you are my true heart, that He is watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near—in whatever we do, even in physical closeness. He is near, for we know He meant His children to taste deeply of all things.

Was Pam religious? Did she feel God? Yes, I think so, but she hadn't found her soul; nor did Chris. Chris was Cecil's mate no more than you. The Chris she thought he was, so he was her true mate.

I am the Resurrection and the Life—and if he knew that, then there would be no Pamela for him but a playful life—a desire to be like his always faithful beloved Cecil.

DOCTORS DECREE ONLY EXPERIENCED MAY SPECIALIZE

Kentucky Association Rules Five Years Practice Is Requisite.

FADUCAH, Ky., Oct. 18.—Afternoon for the Kentucky State Medical Association to-day were instructed by the association's secretary, Dr. A. T. McCormack, to draw up ironclad rules which any physician desiring to become a specialist must meet. Authority to control specialists is given under a new State law.

Dr. McCormack announced that one rule will require five years general practice before application can be made to become a specialist. Other rules provide for demonstrations of ability.

"Protection will be afforded the public," Dr. McCormack said. "There have been too many graduates from medical colleges entering a highly specialized field without adequate experience."

HALL AND SINGER WERE SLAIN AS HE HEARD OF PLOT, IS THEORY

(Continued.)

Dr. Hall Thursday afternoon. She refused the neighbor's offer of use of her telephone, and ran to a little corner store. What she said no one knows, but she left home about 7.30 that evening and was never again seen alive by the members of her family.

As to the rector's movements just before the crime, we are left in doubt, through reticence of Mrs. Hall and her family to permit a thorough investigation. But we know enough to believe Dr. Hall was agitated.

I have reason to believe a member of the Hall household will testify the rector was greatly disturbed. Now, what came next? We have the testimony of a witness who saw Mrs. Mills aboard a car, headed out toward the park where she and Dr. Hall were wont to meet and discuss poetry and nature and the things they loved. Mrs. Mills left the car three blocks before reaching the usual stop at Easton Avenue. She walked slowly, hesitantly, looking behind her occasionally. Why did she act that way?

And the rector? We are not absolutely certain, but we have been told by supposed witnesses that he came along on foot a few minutes later, hands in pockets, head down, hurrying.

The darkness of the night that hung over Buccleuch Park swallowed them up, and from then on it is, as yet, conjecture as to what went on until the bodies, side by side, were found beneath the crab-apple tree.

But my investigations lead me to believe that some such scene as this took place:

Mrs. Mills was seized and pushed into a vacant building, not Phillips farm, but in a little group of houses northward of the crab-apple tree, and some distance removed. There she was thrown into a dark room.

Next, Dr. Hall was captured and taken there. The couple were confronted with indisputable evidence of an "affair."

The rector sprang to Mrs. Mills's defense. He was thrown down. He arose, fighting, and was shot through the head. They probably had not intended to kill him.

Then, doubly enraged, the woman, the mysterious woman, who planned the crime—weak, terrible vengeance upon poor little Mrs. Mills, enfeebled through a serious operation, and weighing but 109 pounds. Mrs. Mills was small, but she fought for her life. She received bruises and scratches in the fight. She was shot three times, and afterward her throat was cut.

The bodies were then taken to the crab-apple tree and the letters scattered so that they might seem to have been murdered in a lovers' rendezvous.

This, as I see it, is probably what happened about 9.30 or 10 o'clock on the night of Sept. 14. To-morrow, I will go into detail as to our search for the perpetrators of this fiendish "execution," and will tell all we have been able to discover.

have had time to do them. Well, it doesn't matter one bit what comes. I had a simple greeting but did not leave it. I cannot say to such a service when our hearts are bitter. But since it is a duty of the church, I think the true way is to forget all about yourself and do what the church bids, forgetting everything but that you are the priest.

Dearest, darling boy, I love you most as you love me as you do to-day. Not so much physically but prayerfully—exalted and you see darling, the physical fits in and doesn't dominate. It was there just the same—not to be denied—never.

Dearest, believe me, won't you? Never will I say you want my body rather than me—what I really am. I know that if you love me you will long and ache for my body. Have I ever tempted you, dear? Have I ever made you want me? I never wanted to.

Dearest, there isn't a man who can even make me smile. As you said to-day, our hearts are true as steel. I'm not pretty; I know there are girls with shapely bodies; but I'm not caring what they have. I have the greatest of all blessings—a noble man, deep, true, eternal love and my heart is his—my life is his—all I have is his hope, as my body is—scrawny my skin may be—but I am his forever. Honey, I feel awfully lonesome for you to-night. I want to talk to you. I feel so full of thoughts.

Why do I cry so—oh, it pains me to cry. I will hate the winter nights. Then I dream of curling up in a chair with you—oh, what dreams I have. Will it ever be? God knows best, dear. It is 11 and I must get some rest as I expect to be up early, about 6, to pack the lunch.

BLOOD TEST TO FIX BOY'S PARENTAGE

Gypsy and Rival Agree to Accept Result.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—The sanction of the District Court at Taunton to a proposal to have the boy claimed as son by Mrs. Clarence Smith of Dighton, and Mrs. Eugene Choquette, wife of a Nomadic wanderer, made the subject of a blood test to determine his parentage, has been obtained. The two women, it was said, agreed to submit to the test.

The Smith family has claimed the boy was stolen by gypsies four years ago. Mrs. Choquette asserts he is her son, born to her at the State Hospital in Tewksbury. Hospital records are said to bear out her contention.

"MOTHER JONES" ILL IN WASHINGTON

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 18.—"Mother Jones," noted labor leader, is ill at Washington, D. C., and will be unable to attend the trial of C. Frank Keeney, President of District No. 17, United Mine Workers of America, under charges in connection with the killing of Deputy Sheriff Gors a year ago.

REV. EDWARD W. HALL.

In one letter he tells her of longing for a "true heart gypsy letter," but adds, "I am piggy" and that he wanted a letter every moment. He tells of his longing "to hold you, crush you and pour my burning kisses on your dear body." Also he speaks of the most wonderful thing in life—"our love." He also tells of "storing up health and strength to be your Gypsy King."

It is "true to your wonderful love that you are keeping a rose on my desk," he wrote in another. In mentioning some pictures he had he assures her, "I have them safely kept." That the path of love did not run smoothly for them he intimates when he says, "I love your phrase that all our memories, even the quarrels, were but stepping stones to the vision of a greater, truer, devoted love."

In the same letter he calls her "dear heart of mine," and tells of his whole heart's love with mountains of strength and oceans of depth. He talks of meeting her at "49" on his return and says he will just want to crush her for hours.

His plans called for his return on a Friday, and he tells her he wants to see her alone by "our road," where they can let out unrestrained that universe of joy and happiness that will be theirs. He tells her he is kissing her tenderly and fiercely. Also he said Mrs. Hall wondered why he was taking only three Sundays (vacation) this year. One of the letters concludes: "It was you, darling—you I was longing for—my true mother—my gypsy—my heart—my life—Al-ways." These letters were signed with the "D. L. T." initials, standing for the German words meaning "your true love."

His diary, which he kept in pencil, was found beneath the crab-apple tree.

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"NOTE MAY NOT BE WISE, BUT MUST TAKE CHANCE."

My dear, dear boy. When I said I would leave a note, I forgot that it may not be wise but I must take a chance for I cannot have you disappointed even though it isn't much.

Dearest, what a gay, happy girl I am to-day—and yesterday too. I love your dear note of last night and went to sleep happy after reading it. Of all the people that I know, no one understands me but you, but of course I have never shown my real self to others.

One never can expect to be the person they truly love. I have been so long for hours as you touch my body close. Honey, do you suppose we could start early in the morning and not return until the following night late—say 10 or 11.

Darling, do you yearn for me as I do?

When will it be dear, the last of this month?

I guess I'd better not leave this but give it to you tomorrow. I am looking over toward the trees by the elms and dreaming. Darling, my life is nothing except I have all your love. Dear, that is why I never get discouraged or discontented if I am not blessed with material things. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I do not need anything else.

I am holding my sweet Babykin's face in my hands and looking deep into his heart and reading there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and life.

Oh, honey, I am fiery to-day. Burning, flaming love. It seems ages since I saw my Babykins . . . and kissed . . . you.

It is 3.50 and he isn't returned. I may wait until he comes back, and then I can be sure you will get this.

Goodnight, my true heart. I never buy such goodies as you do for me—but if we go on a picnic I will make whatever you like to eat, so tell me what to make.

Words—notes are useless. But I worship you, my darling, yes, more than ever I need to.

Hall "Gypsy King" to Mrs. Mills, His Fervid Notes and Diary Show

Pastor's Letters Call Singer His "Queen" and Tell of Longing "to Hold You, Crush You."

The Rev. Edward W. Hall wanted to be Mrs. Eleanor Mills's "Gypsy King," according to additional letters from the rector to the choir singer made public to-day. In his diary, which he wrote to be exchanged for one she kept during his vacation in Maine, he refers to the "sweet moments we had together this morning"—meaning the day of his departure.